PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 10 • No. 15 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • APRIL 14, 1939 FIVE CENTS

WE MADE AN ERROR

We made an error last week in Kit Whitman's ad about the Humphrey-Weidman dance recital. It was only a simple little error, nothing more important than getting the date wrong. Kit was awfully nice about it, even though she did have to answer a lot of telephone calls from persons we had thusly befuddled. The ad this week unfuddles those who didn't call Kit or us, and we would herewith, in this sacred of all places in our jolly little journal, administer to them even further. We understand that the occasion of Humphrey and Weidman in Carmel is epochal, just as Kit Whitman somehow manages to keep being epochal. The date is this next Wednesday evening, April 19, at the Filmarte Theatre. Telephone 1222 or 618 for reservations.

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IT'S OUR SNEAKING IDEA THAT WE WILL GET NO NEW POSTMASTER

Although the date for filing applications is past, and the time for the scheduled civil service examination approaches, we're willing to bet that before the examinations Carmel will be informed from Washington that the contest for postmaster here has been declared non-competitive and Irene Cator will be re-appointed.

There have been about a dozen application blanks taken out of the the Carmel post office and it is assumed that almost all of these have been sent in and in time to meet the deadline which was April 11. The examination, according to the government announcement, will be held in Carmel somewhere around fifteen days from this date. Mebbe it will, and mebbe it won't, and mebbe, too, it won't amount to anything if it is.

Politics has been able in many places to circumvent this intention of Congress to place all second-class postmasterships under strict civil service, and we see no reason it won't be done here, knowing as we do the power of certain Democratic human forces.

Which brings us to remark on an interesting piece of mail the editor of THE CYMBAL received last week. It came from the Post Correspondence School in Washington, D.C., and it informed us (in a mimeographed letter) that "it appears you may have the necessary qualifications for appointment" as Carmel postmaster. Then it told us how the school could provide us with answers to civil service test questions (for $10) and on our appointment we could send another $20.

We didn't take it up because we noticed on the application blank required to be filled in for the real examination that you had to tell whether or not you'd ever been arrested, or fired from a job, or had ever been ashamed of yourself, or something like that.

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HOW LITTLE DOES CARMEL CARE ABOUT ITS CITY LEGISLATIVE AFFAIRS

This utterance is inspired by the appearance of a very nice lady in THE CYMBAL office one day this past week and by what she had to say. She is a property owner, a taxpayer, not in the city of Carmel, but in the Carmel Sanitary District.

(Continued on Page Two)

$13,125 RAISED BY COMMUNITY TOWARD NEW CHURCH

Community Church has raised to date $13,125 of the coveted $20,000 with which they hope to build a new church edifice.

While the church possesses clear the two 40-foot lots on Lincoln street where the present building stands and has stood, for about as many years as Carmel is old, it is not at all certain that a new structure will be erected there. There is no report to be given out as yet as to where the future site of the church will be. The building committee says that it will be necessary to wait until the fund is raised before satisfactory negotiations can be entered into in regard to a possible new site.

The church very much wants to expand its quarters, not only for a much-needed larger Sunday School room, but for rooms where young people of the city, whether affiliated with the church or not, can meet and hold entertainments. Because of this plan it is expected that the building committee will receive much support from other than members of the church. Mrs. G. F. Beardsley heads the building committee. Victor Graham is chairman of the board of trustees of the church.

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Girl Scout Cookie Drive on May 5

The Peninsula Girl Scouts began last Monday to take orders for the delivery of cookies to be made on May 5 or 6. If you've been approached by a Girl Scout in uniform, complete with pin, about this cookie sale, you'll know it's for the camp that the Monterey Peninsula Girl Scout Council will conduct at Big Sur this summer. If you haven't been approached, cookie booths will be established here and there at strategic points, so you'll be able to put in your order. The cookies are packed in pound boxes, each box will cost 25 cents, and contains over four dozen Girl Scout trefoil butter cookies, which are simply swell! They're going to make 3500 boxes of them, so you can see how badly they want that camp this summer.

Mrs. Rush Wallace is the Carmel cookie chairman. The Girl Scout who gets the most orders will be rewarded with a year's subscription to the *American Girl*, Girl Scout magazine.

In regard to the activities of the Carmel Girl Scout troops; Troop 1, with Mrs. Martin McAulay as its leader, is completing a project in home nursing this month.

Troop 2, which is Mrs. Ernest Morehouse's group, is continuing with second class requirements.

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"ETERNAL LIFE" IS TOPIC AT COMMUNITY SUNDAY

"Finding and Feeling Eternal Life" is the topic upon which Dr. Wilber W. McKee of Carmel Community Church will speak next Sunday at the 11 o'clock service.

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. Dr. McKee's Bible Class begins at 10 a.m., and the junior group meets at 5 p.m. next Sunday.

FOREST THEATER PLANS APPROVED BY COUNCIL

Monterey County Fair Grounds Are Being Dressed Up

EVELYN DAY, publicity theme girl for the Monterey County Fair Association, demonstrates how the grounds this year will be more beautiful than ever. Under the sponsorship of the Monterey Peninsula Garden Club, shrubs and vines are being planted about all of the buildings, and much improvement will be noted by the visitors to this year's fair.

STAGE, AT LEAST, WILL BE READY FOR SUMMER PRODUCTIONS

The Works Progress Administration now has the plans for the permanent reconstruction of Carmel's famous Forest Theater.

The council, in special session Wednesday afternoon, accepted the blue prints and drawings of Hugh Comstock, architect, which had been submitted to and approved by the parks and playgrounds commission.

These plans provide for a present permanent seating capacity of about 600, but they also make provision for the cutting back of the forestage eight feet which would make possible about 100 additional, and also the terracing of the auditorium around the permanent seating space on which benches to accommodate 500 more can be placed.

But the first expansion will not be the cutting back of the stage. It will be the terrace plan around the seats. The plans call, however, for the setting back eight feet of the concrete wall on which the permanent stage is to be built. The eight feet of stage flooring will still protrude beyond this to a point between the two pine trees forming the natural proscenium arch. Use of this forestage will not be necessary, it is hoped, but it would be possible under these accepted plans to use it if it is required.

Therefore, while the Forest Theater is to retain, even with the completion of this WPA project, its aspect as an intimate little theater, the construction work will make possible enlargement up to a seating capacity of 1200.

But it should be borne in mind that the acceptance of these plans and the start of the work by the WPA does not mean that the complete, permanent reconstruction of the Forest Theater will be ready for productions this summer. The hope of the parks and playgrounds commission is that the permanent construction of the stage will be finished, but that's about all.

The principal and important reason for this is that the commission hasn't the money. There is earmarked in the city budget for Forest Theater work just $1,000, and the commission thinks it may shave enough off of other parks funds to raise this to $1500, but the entire Forest Theater project is going to cost about $6,000. Even with the use of WPA labor and some materials provided by the government, the city's cost will be in the neighborhood of $4500.

Action of the council Wednesday means plays may be presented on a new and permanent stage this summer, but it will probably be another two years before the Forest Theater will be what the council and the parks commission have planned it to be.

"Cafe Venice," an Evening of Delightful Music, Event of Tomorrow Night

"Cafe Venice," the second production of the San Carlos Music Society, is tomorrow night at Sunset Auditorium. The time, 8:30 p.m. In the main, the same voices and dancing that delighted the audiences when "A Night in Italy" was given at Crespi Hall, will be seen and heard in "Cafe Venice." The program we reveal to you as follows:

First act: Scene laid in Cafe Venice. The proprietors are Angela De Mario and Noel Sullivan as *Signor* and *Signora Silvano*. Music and dancing against a background of an illicit love affair, and, more simply, inspired by the carefree and festive atmosphere of the cafe, carries the first act through, and ends it with Carl Bensberg's "Tango of Roses," sung to Madelaine McDonogh, whose loveliness and grace have so inspired him.

The second act is laid at the opera with the entire company present as guests of *Signor* and *Signora Silvano*. *Le Veau D'Or* from "Faust" is sung by Noel Sullivan and the Mephistolean aria entitled *The Calf of Gold* is also sung by him. Wallace Doolittle sings the *Eri Tu* from "Ballo in Maschera," and Angela De Mario, assisted by Doolittle, sings parts of "La Traviata," including the death scene.

In the third act the guests have returned to the cafe. Carl Bensberg, Gloria Hellam, Miriam Castagna, Rose and Frank Siino, Kenneth Doolittle, Anna Royka, Lucille Wirth, Rose Funchess, Carol Canoles and Esther Young all do their part to make this third act a brilliant and exciting battery of entertainment. In looking over the complete program, which lack of space impels us to withhold from you, we feel that the members of the San Carlos Music Society are certainly giving their all and have prepared an evening of delight for you to remember long.

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STANFORD PROFESSOR TALKS TO BUSINESS GROUP TONIGHT

The Carmel Business Association meets tonight at 8 o'clock at Pine Inn. Prof. David Faville of the graduate school of business at Stanford will be the speaker. "Behind the Scenes with the Distributor" will be his topic. Professor Faville's general field of interest lies in merchandising.

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TO REPEAT EASTER MUSIC AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH

Some of the Easter music will be repeated at All Saints' Church this Sunday at the 11 o'clock service. There will be a special message by the rector, the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé.

Holy Communion will be given at 8 o'clock a.m. and the Church School begins at 9:3 0a.m.

She had what might casually be called a grievance, but she put it in such a way that it did not have the aspect the term "grievance" connotes. She had, rather, a problem which she did not feel the present sanitary district plans would solve.

We were able, because we have been in pretty close touch lately with sanitary district affairs and plans, to explain the situation to her with some degree of satisfaction, and that was that. But what arouses these words of ours was not her problem, *per se*, but her idea of how she thought it could be solved. She referred to Mayor Heron's recently-expressed thought that a town meeting would be helpful in the council's efforts to do its legislative work in a manner satisfactory to the people it represents.

"And why wouldn't it?" asked our visitor.

On the face of it the town meeting idea seems to be a good one. One of the two citizens in the lobby last week when the mayor made his suggestion said it would be "an interesting experiment in democracy. It sounds all right. It sounds like a good old-fashioned neighborly thing to do.

But the other citizen expressed the truth about the idea better when he said: "If you call such a meeting I want a front seat."

He meant by that remark that a town meeting in Carmel would be a swell entertainment. It would, and that's just the trouble with it. That's all it would be. You would probably get about 200 citizens to attend and they would be the kind of citizens mainly who, like our citizen quoted above, would be there for the show and, too, would make an effort toward contributing to it. The council members would leave the place with the bends, that menace to deep-sea divers. As for one certain member, tall, angular, interesting-looking and topped by a shock of beautiful white hair—he would probably be arrested by his own chief of police on a charge of murder before the evening was over.

When we say that you could not get a representative gathering of Carmel citizens together at a town meeting, and we mean the kind of citizen our lady visitor is; the kind who are seriously and calmly interested in the welfare of the community and the sane and economic administration of public affairs, our fingers are guided across the keyboard of our typewriter by the lamp of experience.

Take this police business, as an example. We are convinced beyond the peradventure of a doubt that if the expenditure of that $2,600, or even half of it, for the purchase of a two-way radio system for our police force, were put to a secret vote of the people, the "No" majority would knock the city council, both feminine and masculine, out into the Pacific a good half mile beyond the high-tide line.

But how many citizens who would vote with a vigorous rubber stamp against the proposition will appear before the city council at its meetings in the city hall and say so? Nary a one! You get protests up and down Ocean avenue after every council meeting about what the council has done at meeting, but not a protest from the lobby of the council at the meeting.

The council doesn't get a single voice from the people in assistance when it is carrying on its legislation, but must wait until some action it has taken goes to the polls, as in the case of the library bonds, before it is granted a sound of praise or condemnation.

A town meeting, forsooth! Carmel appears to get its joy out of slamming the barn door merely to keep the draft out. The hell with the horse!

—W. K. B.

DOG DAZE— AND KNIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

We interviewed a number of our canine citizens as to their opinions of the quarantine and here is what they had to say:

Tommy Warren—"I am a newshound, and I know I'm missing more than one scoop by not being able to nose around by myself and follow my own hunches."

Buck (*Casanova*) Lawrence—"The quarantine has greatly interfered with my social activities and I find it quite a bore to be unable to call on my friends whenever I feel so inclined."

Miscan Fraser—"The quarantine really doesn't bother me because I have always preferred the privacy of my own garden to wandering about the village."

Jerry Hefling—"Goodness knows what will become of the town. I haven't been able to make the rounds and see how things are getting along for two weeks."

Baby (*Ferdinand*) Thompson—"The neighborhood has been taken over by CATS while I have been shut up in the yard. No wonder we have no goldfish left in the pond."

Big Black Baby—"Now the other fellows know how it feels to be a shut-in. It's not much fun."

Rex Watson—"I don't mind it. I've been catching up with my reading."

Graf Gottfried—"I don't like being tied up. I sprained my ankle trying to manage that darned leash."

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Tagalong Millis left with the college crowd for Palo Alto where he will stay during the Spring quarter while furthering his education by taking a special course at Stanford. He will return to his home on San Antonio for the summer vacation.

Tagalong was handsomely turned out for the trip. His beautiful white coat was bathed and brushed until it looked like fine white silk.

Tag's good looks are sure to work havoc with the hearts of the co-eds.

Flash report on police blotter.

Pure white collie, brown ears, name *Tagalong* Millis, disappeared in Palo Alto, believed to be heading for Carmel.

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A gay round of farewell parties marked the departure of *Chinkie* Kitson, who left last week with her mistress, Mrs. Edmund Kitson, for her home in Boston where she will attend finishing school.

Pretty little *Chinkie* will be greatly missed by her many friends and especially by *Tommy* Warren (Mrs. Kitson is Marjorie Warren's mother), her favorite playmate.

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"Joyung" must mean something very nice in Chinese, for that is the name of Gladys Young's newly acquired Pekingese and she is very nice indeed.

Joyung is just a puppy and is being raised quite scientifically on orange juice and Haliver oil and sunshine vitamins and all the other things on which they are raising babies these days.

With such careful upbringing, *Joyung* should grow to be quite an attractive addition to the Hatton Fields younger set.

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Pal just loves to ride in the Pound wagon, in fact it has become his favorite pastime.

Pal hasn't been observing the quarantine very carefully. He has been coming and going as he pleased and not bothering about a leash, so that the Pound-man has had to pick him up several times. But *Pal* doesn't mind. He likes it, because he gets a ride over the Hill in the Pound wagon. The Pound-man has only to drive up and stop near *Pal* and open the door and *Pal* lumbers up and climbs uninvited into the driver's seat.

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"Idiot's Delight" At the Carmel This Sunday

NORMA SHEARER in "Idiot's Delight."

Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, in "Idiot's Delight," the vehicle that the Lunts made memorable, come to the Carmel Theatre this Sunday, April 16, and play through Tuesday night with a matinee on Sunday afternoon.

"Idiot's Delight" is the Robert Sherwood Pulitzer prize winner brought to the films by Hunt Stromberg, with Clarence Brown directing. Prominent in support of the stars are Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Burgess Meredith, Laura Hope Crews, Skeets Gallagher, Peter Willes, Pat Patterson, William Edmonds and Fritz Feld, together with a dancing group know as Gable's Glamor Girls.

The screen version of "Idiot's Delight" is essentially the same as the stage play, but Sherwood has taken advantage of the camera's wider range. In the picture the initial meeting of the shabby vaudeville girl and the hoofer in Omaha provides a new opening.

The picture presents Miss Shearer in an ultra-modern role in contrast to her recent *Marie Antoinette*. Gable, for the first time in his career, essays a song number and a burlesque dance.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL.

Michel Maskiewitz
Pupil of Rafael Joseffy and Leopold Godowsky
will hold auditions in Carmel on April 25, 26, May 9, 10
for Junior and Advanced Piano Students
For Terms and Further Particulars Apply to Miss Laura Dierssen Carmelo and Ninth, Tel. 776

Here You Discover What David Alberto Thought of 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room'

"'Tis to weep." Is it possible that as William Shakespeare wrote these three (or are there four?) words did he realize how some day they should serve so fittingly to express the sentiments and emotions of a perturbed and disillusioned dramatic critic who has lived to see all the ideals of his youth shattered in a moment! That day has arrived and indeed "'Tis to weep."

And now, that my soul has been purified with tears, is it possible to proceed with deliberate calmness to set forth without undue emotion, the cause of this upheaval. The cause is contained in five (or are there six?) words—"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

Recalling an early production of that drama, reminiscences remain clearly stamped with those intense moments when actors of bygone days were sincere in their tragedy; sincere in episodes of hatred and sincere in episodes of love. But what if this present production in the very theater where doubtless this same play was performed before audiences, which wept during scenes where those present last laughed—audiences which hissed with such sincerity as was only equalled by the feigned hissing of the present audience and acted by actors as insincere as were those on the opposite side of the proscenium.

Once again does it seem necessary to take time out for a second purification before continuing?

Among musicians there exists great resentment against those who would jazz up the *Moonlight Sonata* or swing the *Eroica Symphony*. I, as dramatic critic, must confess an inability to find cause for any undue antagonism against such practice, particularly in the case of the "Eroica," for that work was deliberately composed to acclaim no other than Napoleon and who among us does not agree that he (or it) should be swung?

But this play—these "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"—should a similar practice be inflicted upon such a classic! No—every serious artist doubtless stands ready to join in a single chorus shouting "sacrilege, sacrilege!"

Most unendurable of all is the consciousness that one of my own flesh and blood was among those who perpetrated this atrocity. Ah, Bob Bratt, not a member of your family will recognize you for years to come! So it was.

But then—

But then there was the olio. Here was cleverness, originality—art. A dozen or so spicy numbers with a slap, bang, zip which afforded a cure-all for those with distressed grievances. Outstanding and original was that bit entitled "Ferdinand Gone Carmel." Though it appeared that the head of Bob Bratt inside the bull was the making of the act, actually it was the head or Ruth Austin, far removed from the bull, who was responsible for the success, not only of this number, but for several others as well. Despite this, Ruth Austin was nowhere in evidence—we even wonder whether she was present.

Preceding this number was another "Ta ra ra ra boom de ay" done by Miss Betty Carr and later a second dancer who greatly resembled Miss Carr, though she bears the name, Bettova Karavich, did something which the program claimed was a dance. This moment seems not an unfitting one to advise Miss Karavich that she doubtless would benefit through a few lessons with Betty Carr and possibly a few more with Ruth Austin. At present Miss Karavich is no dancer.

"A New Carmel Custom" done by Betty Carr, Margenette Meldrim, Jessie Joan Brown, Gordon Knoles, Byington Ford and the inevitable Bob Bratt was so good we choose to suggest here that it be broadcast at least once a week over the almost-acquired Carmel Police Network. In this manner the citizens of the village might also find our contemplated innovation of some value. "The Belle of Bald-Headed Row" was cute. So is its perpetrator, Mary Jean Elliott.

We present also discovered that Flavia Flavin *has something*. Her number proved that Flavia could go places if she chose. Meta Gossler, Rosanne Sprinkle and John Elizalde, pupils of Ruth Austin, did two numbers which proved most entertaining and Lloyd Weer, Harry Hedger and Byington Ford entertained us some more with the penultimate number, "Experience."

Well, it was—it was an experience; more than two hours of it. And through it all there remained some fifteen or more minutes during which Byington Ford was unable to find a position for himself upon the platform and barely that amount of time that the influence of Ruth Austin was not in evidence. Besides, through it all, Susan Duvall made music.

—DAVID ALBERTO

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52 ISSUES of the country's swellest weekly newspaper for One Dollar. Imagine that!

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IF YOU lose a dog or cat member of your family, THE CYMBAL will print your lost ad for absolutely nothing and be glad of the opportunity.

Something New and Lovely in
BROOCHES
Monel Metal Jewelry
$2.50 each
Indestructible and Untarnishable. In original, artistic designs, featuring local color, cypress, fish, boats, and unique conventional patterns.
Also Orders Taken for Initials
MADE BY
Monel Craft Studio, Carmel
EXCLUSIVELY ON THE PENINSULA AT
HOLMAN'S

Many Are Enriched At Craftsmen's Give Away

It may be politics, or good luck, or just Herbert Heron, but the fact remains that he brought home a pewter plate made by Margaret Lang, and a hand-tooled leather book cover made by the von Kleinschmidt sisters, from the shop of the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen when they held their drawing last Saturday.

Other winners were Dick Masten, who got the carved coffee table made by Charlie Sayers; Mrs. F. B. Comins, who was fortunate enough to win the dress length of material woven by Marion Howes; Jim Thoburn, who took the Francis Whitaker andirons; Mrs. Saxton Pope, who won the second of Margaret Lang's pewter plates; Helen Brazil, who was delighted with Chloe Wilson's tin sconce; A. M. Watson, a Hagemeyer print; Barbara Wood, a Waldvogel pillow cover; Dr. Margaret Levick, a hand-woven pillow cover made by Mrs. Paulsen Visel; Jimmy Hopper, a Horace Lyon print; Kate Shawl of San Francisco, some Dorothy Bassett pottery; and Andrew Walls got more of the same.

The sum realized from the sale of 500 tickets, after deducting the costs of the articles made by various guild members, will go towards maintaining the new workshop that has been established on Mission street back of Ella's Southern Kitchen. It will also help to establish a fund that will enable guild members to secure the materials needed for their particular craft, if they are in need of such aid.

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Japanese Girls, Cherry Show, at Del Monte

The Takarazuka Girls, 45 of 'em, and all the way from Tokyo, come to Del Monte Hotel on April 23 as part of the Grand Cherry Show.

This news has Del Monte publicity bureau turning hand-springs. The gals come from the famous girls' opera house. They're over here to appear at the San Francisco Fair and at the Opera House, and they're going to give their pre-view at Del Monte. Part of the fun will be the Fishermen's Festival, which, considering our local feeling for fishermen and the fishing industry, should be interesting. We also understand they'll do a little number entitled "They Fooled the Boys," which seems rather amazing.

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WILLARD WHITNEY MARRIES LOUISE HAMPTON

Willard Whitney and Louise Hampton were married in Reno, Nevada, on April 4. Mr. and Mrs. James Greenan attended them. They are now at home in Carmel.

The news leaked out last weekend, but they had managed to keep it secret for several days, how or why, we do not know. Herb Caen spilled it first, the old snooper.

Mrs. Whitney is the daughter of Mrs. Barbara J. Hampton of Carmel and sister of Mrs. Roy Andrews of Monterey. She came here from Seattle 18 months ago. Willard is an old-timer here. His mother, Mrs. C. Harris Whitney, has just come to Carmel to live, and his sister, Miriam, is a resident here. He has a sister in Watsonville, Mrs. H. C. Struve, and a sister in Lompoc, Mrs. J. F. Alexander.

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WE HAVE as much fun getting out this silly newspaper as you have in reading it.

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman Here Next Wednesday Night

DORIS HUMPHREY in dance recital here Wednesday night

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, leading American exponents of the contemporary dance, will be at the Filmarte next Wednesday evening, April 19, with their group of men and women dancers to present a program of studies and finished dances in costume, prefaced by a short talk by Miss Humphrey. This affair, sponsored by Kit Whitman on the first anniversary of the Carmel Art Institute, serves the double purpose of introducing the layman to the modern dance, and providing a behind-the-scenes analysis for the dance student.

Miss Humphrey will begin the program with a brief talk on the various aspects of the work, explaining the elements of the modern dance, its movements as based on the natural motions of the body and stylized to a certain degree for stage purposes.

Her lecture is interspersed with demonstrations of technique, by the group, which enables the audience to see the natural body movements, with which everyone is familiar, logically developed into dance movements, dance design, and finally the complete dance.

Ten years ago, when Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman began to compose dances for their own group, they decided to free their work from the influences of European ballet and Oriental movement so as to escape techniques and subject matter foreign to this country. They turned to the American scene. They wanted to interpret a robust, rugged America, an America that moves at a swift, breath-taking tempo, a country that loves to laugh at its own foibles.

Jose Limon, the young Mexican dancer, who is one of the leading members of this company and rapidly gaining distinction for himself as a soloist and choreographer in his own right, will be one of the group next Wednesday night.

Women's Tennis Singles on Tomorrow

A follow-up of tennis activities takes place this week-end at Del Monte with the announcement of women's singles on Saturday and mixed doubles on Sunday.

Roe Arlen, daughter of Richard Arlen and Mrs. Byington Ford of Carmel, is the favorite to back in the singles, unless you prefer Mildred Rose. The closely contested matches of last summer between these two players will be remembered by local followers of the game. Nancy Cocke and Geraldine Sheppard will give them some close competition, however. Nancy gave Jane Stanton, fourteenth national ranking player, a hard game in the Del Monte championships.

Mrs. Allen Griffin and Charlie Frost are the present holders of the mixed doubles title and they expect to encounter stiff opposition from other local teams who participated in the Del Monte championships.

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KIT WHITMAN TO TALK TO P-T.A. NEXT TUESDAY

P-T.A. meeting is next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Sunset School library. Kit Whitman is going to talk. She hasn't named her subject, but it will be Kit Whitman, which is quite good enough for us.

Miss Grace Knowles of the music department has arranged a musical program to be given by the primary children as the second part of the program. Tea will be served and pre-school children will be cared for in the kindergarten, under the supervision of Miss G. M. Pearce, with playground directors on hand during the afternoon to keep an eye on the older children.

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CARMEL PISTOL CLUB MEETS PRESIDIO THIS MONDAY

The Carmel Pistol Club will meet a group from the Monterey Presidio at the club's indoor range this Monday evening, April 17, at 8 o'clock. Slow, rapid, and timed fire will be shot during the evening. All the members present will have a chance to shoot against the Presidio team. A range fee of 25 cents will be charged. Gil Severns has fixed up a fine radio in the club room for the members.

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NAGEL AND HIS ORCHESTRA TO PLAY AT FOOD SHOW

Freddie Nagel and his Hotel Del Monte orchestra will be playing at the Annual Oakland Food Show next Saturday and will be there until April 22. In the meantime, Buddy Maleville will take care of the music at Del Monte, and very nicely, too.

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THE CYMBAL has more readers per copy than the New York Times.

Coast Counties Music Festival Tomorrow

Monterey will be host this year to the Central Coast Counties annual music festival to be held tomorrow at Monterey Union High school. The music begins at 8:45 in the morning and continues all day. More than 1200 school children from about 20 communities in the counties of Monterey, Santa Cruz and San Benito will take part in it.

Franklin A. Young, director of music at Monterey High, urges the attendance of all who are interested in public school music, at any or all of the performances. There will be no admission charge.

KDON will broadcast six and a half hours of this program tomorrow.

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Bach Festival Notes

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous have telegraphed from Los Angeles that Michel Penha will be one of the soloists for Carmel's Fifth Annual Bach Festival, July 17-23, 1939. Miss Denny and Miss Watrous, who are in Los Angeles conferring with Gastone Usigli, conductor of the Festival, and Ralph Linsley, its official pianist, have sent word that Penha is most happy to play a cello concerto with the orchestra under the baton of so eminent a conductor as Usigli, and will appear on the Tuesday program of the Festival.

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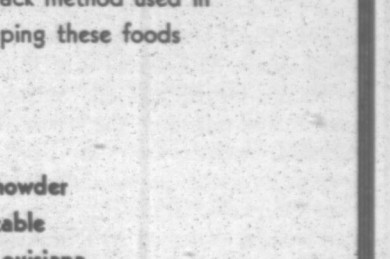
The Bach Festival Chorus, which is rehearsing regularly on Monday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in the Music Room of Sunset School under Madeline Currey, is on the qui vive, preparing for the coming in early May of Gastone Usigli, conductor. Now that the Easter choruses are over, singers are urged to come into rehearsals so that they may be familiar with the music before Usigli's first rehearsal. Those who are at present unable to attend regularly may secure music to take home with them.

TAXI?
CALL CARMEL 40
DAY OR NIGHT
Greyhound Lines Office
Dolores and Ocean Ave.

De Loe's
RESTAURANT



Spiffy
Tap Room
+
BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
DINNER

Something NEW
Something GOOD

Frozen Soups

The home-made flavor of good soup is retained by the frozen-food pack method used in preparing and keeping these foods

NOW AVAILABLE...

Clam Chowder
Vegetable
Chicken Louisiana
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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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Craftsmen Meet At Dinner To Make Plans

Members of the Carmel Guild of Craftsmen met at Forest Lodge last Tuesday night for dinner, a business meeting, exchange of ideas and good fellowship.

Although reservations for 26 members had been made, 39 showed up, hungry, of course. This meant a bit of rearranging by Mrs. Fisher and her staff, and we'd like to hand her an orchid for not getting flustered about it. The food was elegant, served buffet style, with Pon Fat presiding over the baked ham with a huge carving knife. No arrangements had been made for the wine that flowed so freely at their last dinner meeting, and a committee will be appointed in future to take care of such important details.

A financial report from Francis Whitaker sounded good to these old ears. The Guild has money in the bank and all its bills are paid. What more could anyone ask?

They talked about the new workshop on Mission street and about the Hobby Show which Guy Curtis has arranged to open at the old Penney Store in Monterey on April 21 and 22. A couple of Guild members have already turned in their entries and it was suggested that more should follow suit.

Perhaps because they forgot the wine, the meeting broke up earlier than usual, but it was fun, and the food was marvelous. —M. W.

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LA COLLECTA HEARS STATUS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

La Collecta Club met at the home of Mrs. Cecil Haskell last week on Wednesday. Mrs. James Woodruff of Pacific Grove was the outside speaker and talked on the status of American women and their development in social personality. She cited the twelve outstanding American women as named by Durwood Holmes, editor of *The American Woman*. They are Florence Allen, first woman mentioned for the U.S. Supreme Court; Jean Broadhurst, bacteriologist of Columbia University; Pearl Buck, first American woman to win the Nobel prize; Jacqueline Cochrane, winner of the 1938 Bendix air races; Grace Noel Crowell, poet; Helen Hayes, actress; Alice Marble, tennis champion; Eleanor Patterson, woman publisher; Kate Smith, radio star and philanthropist; and Julia Stimpson, first to receive rank of major in the U.S. army.

The next meeting will be Wednesday, April 19, at the home of Mrs. Howard Timbers. Miss Flora Gifford will have charge of the program.

THIS THING AND THAT

Endless disquisitions
Fire no munitions.

Her brain was lined with thought-proof felt.
No idea could raise a welt.

Time is a greased pig
Running nowhere.

Gracious! how loquacious
Are the frustrate and salacious.

Energy that's undirected
Perpetrates the unexpected.

—E. F

EADIE'S STILL A LADY

Dear Mother:

I think you should know that you have two daughters. Edith didn't die thirteen months after I was born. I just found out about it today and I know it will make you very happy. And there is something else. Edith is a Good Girl, she has High Principles and she knows Right from Wrong. She has devoted her whole life to living in the Victorian tradition. It may be fine for her but it's hell on me. This is how I found out about her —I went to that fortune teller you recommended and she looked at my hand and said severely: "Who died when you were just an infant?"

I said "nobody."

But she wouldn't believe that. Then after a while I remembered Edith and how she was "too beautiful to live" and "too good for this earth" and you all looked sad every time her name was mentioned. When I was very young I used to wonder about her, too. I always resented her beauty. How was I to know that she had attached herself to me. That's what she's done. You can see the line in my palm that says so.

I understand it all now, of course. That explains a lot of things I've done. And you must have recognized this dual business for when I was little and got into trouble you used to say, "That's the Swedish in her," but great-Aunt Happy always said, "It's the Irish."

So I tried to be first one thing and then the other. Most of the time I was Swedish because Gustavus Adolfus and Christina were pretty grand people. Garbo clinched the nationality until O'Reilly came along and said, "I like you for your Irish smile."

Now, what the hell, mother?

After I found that both races were a little crazy, everything went along fine for a time with me whipping from one to the other as fast as the hat dropped. But it didn't take long to find the problem was deeper than htat. If it wasn't race it was something else. I'd be having a perfectly grand time with a glass in each hand and flirting with both nationalities. But by the time I'd get the man ready to play house what would happen? I wouldn't play because "I'm not that kind of a girl." So I'd spend the next week hating myself for being a wench and the man would never come back.

So you see Edith is a Good Girl. She's been interfering with my fun for years and years and she's gotten pretty damn smug about it all. If she had to come along why couldn't she have brought her beauty? Why does it have to be her virtue?

She won't let me wear bright red nail polish, either. For years I've wanted that more than anything in the world. Just as the manicurist raises the little brush all oozing with gore Edith says, "No, let's use that old rose." She must know how I hate anything pink. And then she always has the excuse that "men hate vivid polish." That's another thing about Edith, she's always thinking about me. "They won't respect you if you get looping again" or "if you go up to their pent houses." I don't go to their pent houses for respect, I go for fun.

If she'd come right out in the open and live like a white woman she'd get over some of these Victorian ideas. But not Edith. She just sits there in the dark and says, "NO."

It's damned unfair, Mother. You may be proud of Edith but I'm not. You wanted a big family and God knows you suffered for Edith. Anyway, you have two daughters and you can tell which of us is coming home the minute I step out of the car. If it's Edith I'll be wearing caracul but if you see monkey fur then it's

Your loving daughter,
—Eve
—Naun Liljencrantz

+ + +

The following people have already made their reservations for the Humphrey-Weidman lecture-recital: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Major and Mrs. Ralph A. Coote, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford, Noel Sullivan, Mrs. James O. Greenan, Frank Work, Miss Betty Work, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barclay, Dr. and Mrs. Mast Wolfson, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Trevvett, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke, Herbert Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Lennart Palme, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Armin Hansen, Flavia Flavin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fuller, Miss Emily Pitkin, Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, Colonel and Mrs. Rush Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Doolittle, Douglas School and the students of Miss Frieda Hutchinson from Salinas Junior College.

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WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

DEAN JENNINGS

There walked into The Cymbal office one day this past week the personable Dean Jennings. That may not mean much to you but should when you know that Jennings was the man who started the newspaper owners of the country yelling blue murder about infringements on the freedom of the press about five years ago. It was one of those red-herring yells, but the Supreme Court's action riddling the NRA ended the whole affair.

Jennings was on the staff of Hearst's *Call-Bulletin* and suddenly he got fired. It was significant in his removal that he was actively a member of the then-foundling Newspaper Guild. Jennings didn't take his discharge lying down and neither did the Guild. They got all-fired hot about it, as we believe they should have, and carried the case to the Labor Relations Board. Things were looking up for Jennings, as a principle, and the Newspaper Guild, as another one, when the Nine Old Men made shambles of Roosevelt's NRA and all that was closely connected with it. All of which blasted the Guild case as it blasted a lot of other things tending toward better days.

But, anyway, Jennings dropped in on us one day the past week and deposited in our lap a little book with the exciting title: "The Man Who Killed Hitler." Yes, it's fiction, but we suspect more truth than fiction—not as to the killing of Hitler, as you will see when you read it, but as to many other matters between its covers.

You can read it in an hour or a little more, and you will be horror-struck as you go from page to page. You will want very much indeed to get close to the world's Madman No. 1, and with some sort of a lethal weapon hard by. It is an intensely gripping narrative. Putnam publishes it and it can be bought for a dollar. The publication date is this Friday (today) and we think the Village Book Shop will have it for sale.

We should have said that the author is that old friend, "Anonymous," but we have our suspicions as to the identity of the writer.

Anyway, we can tell you that Jennings has written an autobiographical thing called "Leg Man" which Putnam is also publishing and which will appear on its fall book list, and is now completing another on his adventures with celebrities during his newspaper career.

Incidentally, Carmel has shot its morphia into his veins and he says he plans to find a piece of ground within our confines and build him a house on it. —W. K. B.

TED KUSTER MAKES BIG HIT IN DIRECTION OF "MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG"

Our old friend Ted Kuster who, with his most interesting family, has, as you know, departed this place to live in Los Angeles, is adding to his laurels as a play director in his present job on the staff of the Max Reinhardt workshop.

Two weeks ago, "Merrily We Roll Along" was given under his direction and with a staff of workshop players. In the Los Angeles *Times*, there was said of it by Katherine T. von Blon: "Directed with unusual skill, finesse and superior emphasis which invariably emanate from the Reinhardt Workshop, the affair held the intense interest of the discriminating audience to the end."

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AS THE CROW FRIES

Today I'm going on a vacation or a strike or something, right in these columns.

It's like this. The creation of news that is news has got into the hands of the dictators. Nothing but war counts. And I'm sick of jingling about war.

The doggone thing is getting too serious. It is so serious, in fact, that Hitler's mustache and Chamberlain's umbrella and Mussolini's chin all rolled together haven't a laugh in a carload.

Some day things will adjust themselves, I suppose. Some day Mussolini will lead with that chin once too often, and then we'll all have a good laugh even if we have to get into uniform to do it.

But at the moment things are pretty grim. Even the increase in technological unemployment in the kinging profession isn't funny. Poor Zog may have been something of a joke in his palace; but fleeing across his mountains with his wife and his child of two days he couldn't but induce pity.

And his queen was more pitiable still.

So, since there seems to be nothing that Chamberlain and I can do about it I'm going to take my jingle out to the golf course and try to forget it for a while.

And I hope for the sake of my reputation as a peace loving citizen that I don't meet anyone in a black shirt or a brown shirt on the way.

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AMBITION

The call of the links is resounding;
Which golfers can rarely resist.
So off with their clubs go the duffers and dubs
To try out some patented twist.
They go to give golf balls a pounding,
In fours or by twos or alone.
They'd far rather slap at a ball in a trap
Than sit on Albania's throne.

The brassies are out in the fairway.
The stymies lie thick on the green.
And down by the creek wave the niblick and cleek.
All golfers will know what I mean.
They climb up the heavenly stairway
To glories and ecstacies great
Whenever the ping of a new Silver King
Announces a drive that is straight.

So out to the course they go pouring,
To miss and to cut and to slice.
And off in the rough where the going is tough
They say things more heated than nice.
But even while divots are soaring
And clubs show them many a scar
They still struggle on till their last ball is gone
To seek an improbable par.

Though sometimes they're seized by dejection
They rarely let go of the hope
That par may be found at the end of some round,
Upsetting the handicap dope.
Thus slowly they work toward perfection,
The noblest of ultimate goals,
And though they may swear and may tear out their hair
I'm sure it is good for their souls.

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WHAT WILL THE BEAR DO?

Years ago I knew a little girl who would ask, at the end of any bedtime story, "And what did the bear do?" It didn't matter whether the story was about princes or woodcutters or fairy godmothers or what not, she still considered it incomplete till she found out about that bear.

And in the bedtime story being enacted in Europe today the same question is being asked, but in the future tense. When the tale reaches the stage of action what will the bear do?

Once upon a time the diplomats of England and France thought they had the answer figured out. The bear would wait till Hitler had pushed toward the east, and then Hitler and the bear would eat each other up.

It made a beautiful ending.

They were even willing to aid the process, to let Hitler feel that if he would only push eastward they would grant a favorable answer to a prayer like that of the colored preacher, "Oh Lawd, if you aint a goin' to help dis coon, den please don't help dat bear."

And when the bear came fooling around in Spain, talking to Mussolini in language more direct than diplomatic and suggesting that he was willing to help the democracies if they'd take a hand there, they told him to run along. For they didn't want to get tangled up with him.

Besides, his manners were atrocious. He went so far, even, as to tell the truth. So off they packed him to the east, to await Hitler's bear hunt.

But now when Hitler and his pal Benito show signs of postponing their bear hunt till they have bagged all the smaller game in sight they are beginning to feel a little different about it. They find that bears aren't so bad after all—at least for some purposes.

You can't blame them for their change in attitude. And neither can the bear. It is what is called realism.

But neither can you or they blame the bear if he, too, is realistic about it all. All anyone has a right to expect of him is something on the order of what Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, would do; which is to get as much as he can out of the situation for himself.

He may feel that it is to his advantage to take a hand. In that case he'll do so.

Or he may think that it is better to sit tight, as the democracies planned to do, and let Hitler move westward to wear out his strength on other enemies.

Or he may consider it more to the point to take the opportunity to remove the menace of Japan from his Asiatic frontier and then absorb China, ideologically if not physically.

But whatever he does he will give thanks that he has developed the teeth and claws that make him respected. For only by virtue of them can he remain a bear instead of being made—as Chamberlain and some others hoped to make him—a goat.

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THE ELEPHANT GOT SICK

2.—Difficulties Of Diagnosis

"Stand back, everybody!"

The head mahout struck an attitude, as he stood before the sick elephant.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the keepers.

"Just this," declared the head mahout. "We have learned that what our pet is suffering from is a deficiency in the important element known as popularity. Now, it is fitting that someone should find out where that popularity is gone. And it is even more fitting that I, who happen to be the most elevated person around here, should conduct the investigation."

Whereupon he went to work, with all that air of busyness which is so noticeable in people who try to hide the fact that they don't know what they're doing. He opened the animal's mouth and peered in; he pulled back its eyelids and scrutinized its eyes; he lifted its trunk and tail and examined the areas beneath. Then standing erect he shook his head and murmured:

"I can't understand it:

Our pet's appeal should still be great.
He's still an honest article.
Except that he has lost some weight
He hasn't changed a particle.
So why do people pass him by,
This triumph of creation?
The fault can't lie with him, say I,
But with the population."

"That's right!" chanted the keepers, imitating his motions.

"I personally believe that the trouble with him is that the people have lost their sense of values," the mahout went on. "For that stands to reason, since he is exactly the same animal he was in the old days—except that he is a trifle emaciated."

He's kept his trunk. He's kept his tail.
He has the same psychosis.
In size he's second to the whale.
He hasn't halitosis.
He's sweet, he's gentle and he's kind;
He isn't mean or nervous.
And if we treat him right we'll find
How faithfully he'll serve us.

The water boy nodded.

"As a tribute to our elephant what you have just said is splendid," he observed. "But as a prescription it leaves much to be desired."

"All right, then," sneered the mahout. "You prescribe. Where do you think his popularity has gone?"

"Over to the donkey ride," nodded the boy. "Ever since they got that prize barker—"

"Don't talk about that fellow!" roared the head mahout, his face growing purple with rage. "He's a public enemy."

And the keepers backed him up, crying:

"Radical!"
"Spendthrift!"
"False prophet!"
"Total loss!"

The water boy shrugged. He rather objected to the donkey barker himself. But then he objected to all barkers, and the elephant concession used them, too; the principal difference being that their own weren't quite so successful as this other fellow.

He was aware, despite his youth, that barkers had a code of ethics of their own, and that it was their function to get—or take—people in. But he felt that his associates were missing the point that cursing the donkey barker wouldn't cure the elephant, nor would it bring folks back to their own show. So he said:

I cannot but believe we're wrong
To curse him, don't you know.
For he can't fool the people long
If we've a better show.
Let's give our own some scrutiny
To find out where it's lacking
Instead of shouting, "Mutiny!"
When folks refuse us backing.

When the water boy had thus spoken the head mahout ran over to him and shook a monitory finger under his nose.

"That's heresy!" he cried. "Everyone knows that an elephant is a more interesting animal than a donkey. Yet this barker fellow has the crowd flocking to his concession and leaving us flat. You can't tell me that such a thing can be done honestly."

"All of which may be interesting," nodded the water boy, unimpressed, "but is beside the point. And the point is how are we going to get the people back to our show."

"I'll tell you how!" the mahout orated. "Let's all go out and tell them what imbeciles they are to be taken in by such a fellow."

The water boy shook his head.

"That isn't exactly the way to make friends," he commented, "as we have proved once or twice, to our cost. What we ought to do is find out if there is anything his show possesses that our show lacks—I mean anything that we can offer honestly and with a clear conscience."

"There's only one thing it lacks," the mahout snapped.

"And what is that?"

"Customers," declared the mahout.

Then the water boy smiled a sad smile, and turning away he left the elephant pit. But he was not deserting the show. Far from it. He was simply going out to carry on the investigation which he had suggested. For he had come to the conclusion that if the elephant was to be saved he'd have to do it himself.

(More later)

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A BIG ORDER

When the government levies taxes upon its citizens it plays the share-the-wealth game. For it takes money from taxpayers to give to its own employes and wards.

And in the process it subsidizes nonproduction of wealth. For it takes money out of the production system, where all wealth is created, to apply to the expenses of government, which is not in the business of producing.

Shouldn't taxes be cut to the bone, then?

Yes. But when the budget isn't balanced there's no further cutting to be done. The bone is showing already.

Moreover, when the government made a serious attempt at budget balancing in 1937 it almost upset the apple cart. For a too-rapid cutting down of its expenditures created the phenomenon of recession—depression within a depression.

Reduction of government expenditures implies the discharge of government employes and curtailment of government purchases. Both mean more people out of work—unable to trade their time and effort for power to purchase commodities.

These people have to be supported some way. And while it is true that as government employes, direct or indirect, they do not produce anything we can eat or wear, they won't produce such things as public charges either.

We can't let them starve.

So for the present we must expect higher taxes rather than lower, unless we want the budget to stay unbalanced. And this is bad.

It is bad for the taxpayer. That goes without saying.

And it is bad for the government and industry.

For by hampering business the higher taxes will reduce private employment. And by reducing private employment they will increase relief demands. And by increasing relief demands they will make necessary an increase in the tax rate, if the government is to remain solvent.

Thus we are in a vicious circle, not because of any particular administration, but because we have not yet learned how to finance our government operations in an economic manner.

Some say that we must count upon a permanent burden of ten million unemployed. How much relief does this promise to the taxpayer?

And why should the number stop at ten million? If present industrial methods have caused unemployment for that many why shouldn't their further development result in further unemployment. Why not twenty million? Or thirty?

The trend is constantly toward greater mechanization, and rightly so, since greater mechanization means greater productive ability. But it is also toward greater unemployment, and that is not so good.

The situation is beyond the reach of palliatives. Unless we want to go Communist or Fascist—and most of us don't—we must fight back against it as we would against a foreign invader.

And if the taxing power is the government's only economic weapon we must bring it up to date if we want to win or fight. You can't fight modern enemies with a blunderbuss.

But how can we bring it up to date? Well, let's see what factors an economically sensible taxing system would have.

It should not burden industry.

It should expand production rather than restrict it.

It should provide the government with ample funds.

It should increase general buying power instead of cutting it down.

It should fit into the industrial picture, being capable of increase in bad times without complicating conditions.

It should create jobs in private enterprise.

And it should support confidence and good feeling.

In short, it should aid our industrial and economic processes instead of clashing with them.

This seems a big order, but I believe it can be filled. The motor industry's engineers have shown us the way. If we will only do with our system what they have done with motor trucks in the past couple of years we will find ourselves in the clear.

(Next week: Cab Over Engine)

—RICHARD L. MASTEN

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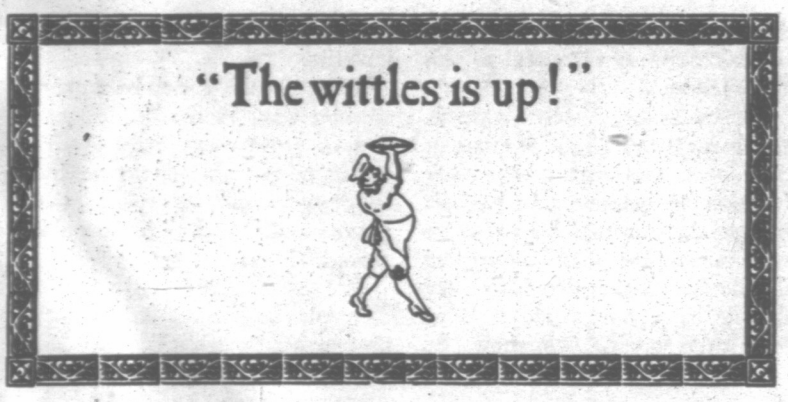
Pioneer Station in Amador county will be the scene of a free barbecue April 29 and 30, reports the California State Automobile Association. There will be dancing and athletic contests.



My typewriter stutters . . . and stops. I sit with my hands in my lap and stare out of the window. Fog is drifting in. There is still a little blue in the sky, still sun on the white blossoms of the leptospermum, on the gold of the genista and the dusty blue of the ceanothus. Its rays still caress the little black body of *Gerry* who lies on the warm patio bricks close to the open door. Soon the soft gray veil will spread. The genista blossoms will keep their bright yellow but the sun will be out of sight.

I am seeing and thinking all this only with the topmost layer of my mind. All the rest of me is still thirty miles down the coast sitting at Lynda's wide-flung windows and lost in the contemplation of that indescribably beautiful mountainous shore which her typewriter can turn into marvelous word pictures so infinitely better than mine could possibly do.

And with a view like that in front of one can you imagine being interested in food? It doesn't seem right but all I can say is we greedily devoured both—the excellent dinner spread on the big table under our noses *and* the awe-inspiring panorama nature served us out there beyond the windows. The combination made a rare adventure in eating out!

In the course of a perfect day we had another delightful experience in having your view and eating it—well, maybe that doesn't quite come off so skip it. We arrived at the CCC camp at Big Sur too early for the performance of "The Wonder Hat" which was to be given in the lovely open-air theater, so Lynda took us to have a cup of coffee at the Loma Vista Inn a few miles down the highway. Here again my typewriter stutters and balks, knowing its inadequacy. It has no trouble prattling about the spotless fresh paint, the shining floor, the flowers and the delicious hot coffee served by charming people in this friendly little roadside eating place. That is the sort of thing it feels is in its line and within its capabilities.

But do you realize just where this delightful inn is situated? I must tell you so you may stop there yourself some day. High up on one side of the Big Sur canyon it perches and across from it rise the layers of green mountains. Irresistibly your eyes follow the heaped up masses of grandeur westward and your spirit continues on beyond where your eyes can go, winding with the little stream so far below through the redwoods and the twisting, turning canyon, on to where its fresh waters disappear in the salty vastness of the ocean. On a sharp ridge a tiny white speck moves in the sunshine, a lone white horse among darker companions lost in the background. Above in the clear blue a wide-winged hawk floats with a magic grace that makes you forget its grim purpose. . .

We hadn't time for more than coffee at Loma Vista Inn but I have no doubt the food would have matched the excellence of that article. And if you go there on a day of perfect beauty such as Sunday was and such as, from now on, most of the days down there will probably be, you can sit out of doors on the patio and neither walls nor windows will be between you and the glorious view for which you do not pay even a cover charge!

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Swedish Wedding, 1898 (Continued from last week).

Most of the guests departed on the fourth day after the mid-day meal and by that time, being more dead than alive, we retired early for a much needed rest. Scarcely enough food was left for breakfast the following morning, after which we eagerly followed Selma and Carl to their new home. . .

We arrived at Carl's lovely home in the evening . . . From the main highway was a road "allé" about a thousand feet long leading to the house, bordered with trees, between which were strung green garlands decorated with colorful lanterns. Seven large green arches "areportar" were built for the occasion and decorated with lights and flags. . . A great many guests had already gathered and were singing, "May they live happily among us for many years to come!" —followed by the customary three, four, and nine cheers of "Hurrah."

At both sides of the stairway leading to the house stood men in evening clothes at attention as Carl carried his wife in his arms into the home he had built for her. . .

After we had changed clothing, a formal dinner was served, at which Carl's brother was host . . . Then came a week of feasting in neighboring houses—mid-day meals, afternoon "kaffe klatsches" with ten to fifteen kinds of cakes, garden parties with wine and pastry, formal dinner and supper dances—each household trying to outdo the other.

In Gothenburg the ushers had arranged a final dinner for the bridesmaids and hostess.

And that ended the wedding festivities!

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Ever since Janie Otto told Mrs. Nichols of the *Woman's Home Companion*, who was visiting here last summer, about French bread toasted with garlic, I have been wondering what it was like. Somehow I never got around to acquiring instructions and trying it myself, so when I saw Lynda bring out some garlic and a long crusty loaf I was right there to watch the process. First she cut it into generous slices without separating them entirely from the loaf; buttered each side of each slice, also generously; and finally, put on each side two little slivers of peeled garlic and popped the whole business into the hot oven. From which it emerged a little later, each slice crisp and hot and buttery and delicious, a perfect accompaniment to the dinner of steak, new potatoes, asparagus and artichokes.

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What? The sun has come out full and strong again and the fog has retreated. And down there where Lynda lives it will be dreamily, incredibly beautiful—as it was when we were there. Lucky Lynda!

—Constant Eater

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ANNUAL BACH FESTIVAL Edition of THE CYMBAL will be out this year July 14.

Sunset School Menu

Monday: Alphabet soup, blushing pear salad, noodles and cheese, carrots, ice cream.

Tuesday: Tomato bouillon, sunset salad, beef stew, green beans, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Split pea soup, mixed fruit salad, candied sweet potatoes, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Vegetable soup, apricot salad, hot dogs, spinach, gingerbread.

Friday: Clam chowder, head lettuce salad, cheese souffle, corn, ice cream.

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BOOKS AND GARDENS TOPICS OF WOMAN'S CLUB FOR NEXT WEEK

The book and garden sections of the Carmel Woman's Club will both hold regular scheduled meetings next week; the former on Wednesday morning at Pine Inn and the latter at the home of Mrs. John Fitch Thursday morning. The program for the book section will be presented by Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff who will bring to the attention of readers two fine books which have attracted less attention than is their due: "The Bridge in the Jungle" by Travers and "The Lady and the Panda" by Harkness.

The program for the garden section will be presented by Margaret Ward Truax, local garden specialist, who will discuss practical methods for making gardens beautiful from the standpoint of what should be done about it right now.

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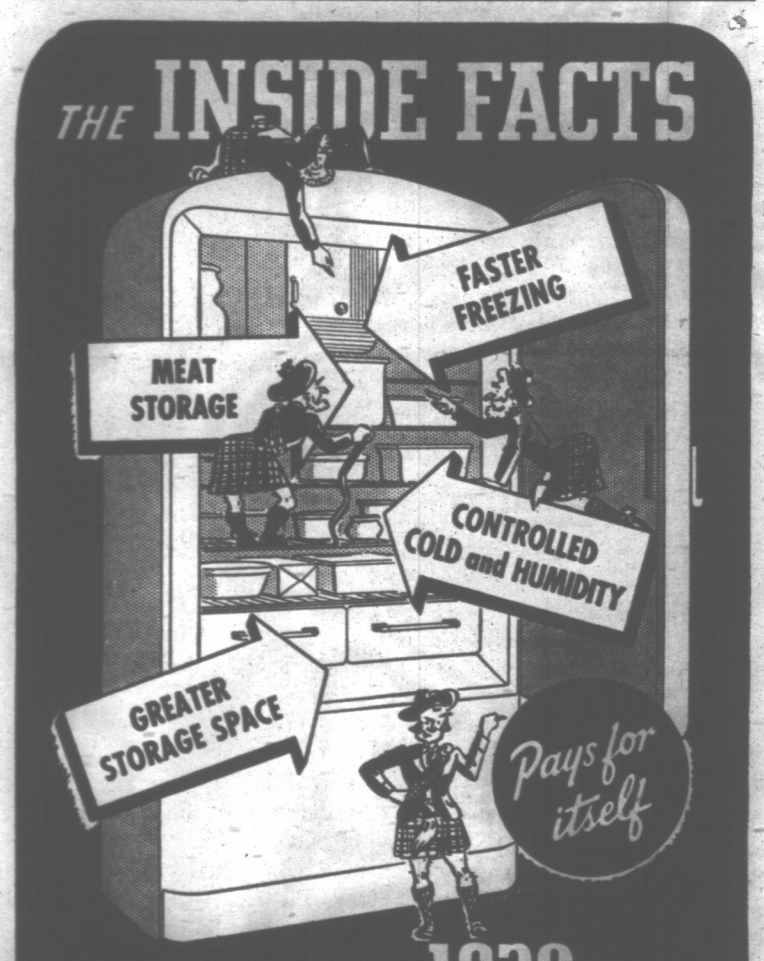

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A Little Talk to the Carmel Players by the The Cymbal Editor

Dear Friends of Mine:

I saw "Ceiling Zero" last Saturday night, but instead of writing a straight review of it, or as nearly straight as my reviews of plays are, I would prefer to talk to you about this play business in general and discuss with you certain little matters that in my belief have much to do with your destiny as an amateur dramatic organization. I know that I am considered somewhat of an ogre in the play-reviewing field in these parts, but, to tell the truth, I don't believe that people pay any more attention to what I say about your plays than they do about what I say about the police department. I am somewhat of a voice crying out in the wilderness, but if the wilderness isn't disturbed thereby and if it gives me pleasure to cry out, I'm afraid I'm going to keep it up for an indefinite period.

I want to do some crying out about you and your activities. I think that if you want to keep going you had better sit down and take some stock of yourselves. I think your heart is right, your dreams are good and your sincerity of purpose sound and true. But if the last two plays you have presented are examples of what you are accomplishing as a theatrical organization you are in a pitiful state of complete disintegration.

Neither "Pursuit of Happiness" nor "Ceiling Zero" was well done. I do not mean that there were no spots in them that did not measure up to the standards of fine amateur acting. I mean that taken as a whole, visualized as an entity by those filing out of the theater after the final curtain neither of them was a finished production.

As I look down at the open program of "Ceiling Zero" before me I am struck by the possibility that there were in the two audiences at the play scarcely more persons than are listed in the cast on one page and named as organization officers and thanked as "helpers" on the other. This is a disheartening—in fact, a devastating state of affairs. I believe that you as an organization are to blame for this.

You are producing, or permitting to be produced, plays that are not ready to be seen by the public. You are permitting the name of the Carmel Players to label stage presentations that are far back in the rehearsal stages. You are giving yourselves repeated black eyes and, I say, no matter what the unfortunate contingencies, that this is very much too bad.

I know as much about your preproduction troubles as you who are experiencing them. I know that you are dealing with amateur casts, many members of which, as particularly in "Ceiling Zero," have never appeared on the stage before. And I know that no matter how stern a director may be he cannot control and browbeat volunteer workers. I know that you have produced plays with casts that have never all been brought together before the opening night. I know that you have difficulty getting satisfactory persons for roles and, too, after you have gotten those you could get, how difficult you have found it to get them to come to rehearsals.

I know that you are continually being injured by that little group of irreconcilables who have been sulking in their tents ever since the little unpleasantness of a year ago. Like little boys they insist that if you won't play their way, they won't play with you. You are deprived thereby of talent in one or two cases that would not only raise the standard of your casts, but would be of immeasurably good effect on the morale during rehearsals and in productions. This is perhaps one of the most unfortunate circumstances facing you; one that again exemplifies what I have harped on occasionally in THE CYMBAL: that community service can so quickly run up against the stone wall of personal interests and personal antagonisms.

So, I know all the excuses that can be offered by you for poor performances. But I submit that those who pay for tickets and sit in your audiences don't find these explanations printed for them on the programs. They go to see you produce a play and that means a play that, no matter what the varying dramatic merits of the members of the casts, does not drive people nuts wondering whether your actors are going to remember their lines or not.

There is absolutely no excuse for this sort of thing, really. There is no state law which compels you to produce a play every month. Of course, there is your director to pay, but if I know anything about figures, a good play, smoothly done, with everybody in the cast on his toes, produced every two months, would bring into your coffers more money than three times what your box office records for the late-lamented production of "Ceiling Zero." I mean to say that two well done plays in four months will handle your director-salary problem better than four poorly done ones in the same period.

There was a man in this town once—he lives still in the delighted memories of some of us and he lives, also, if I could be permitted to get a bit sentimental on the subject, in the pitiful ruins of the Theatre of the Golden Bough—I say, there was a man once in this town who produced plays that were always, inevitably, finished productions. He worked with amateur casts, too, but he never permitted one of his plays to be seen by the public until it was ready to be seen. I have known him to postpone opening dates in order that the reputation of the Golden Bough should not be sullied. No, Edward Gerhard Kuster didn't make any money at it, but the principal reason for that was that he insisted on producing the sort of plays that appealed to the favored few. He did "Dulcy" once and "By Candlelight," but too often for the good of his pocketbook he did Lady Gregory and the other Irish playwrights. Beautiful, finished, heart-rending drama, but not box office.

But YOU are doing box-office things, or things that would be box office if you would really produce them, or, more to the point, not produce them until they are ready to be produced. You are doing what should be plays with a profit, but which fail to be plays with a profit because of the way you produce them.

So, I say, you should sit down and take stock of yourselves. I think you should make every effort to find a business manager to relieve your director of much of the routine work he is now compelled to do. I believe that you should select your cast, and that your director should have one or two sessions with it before any decision is made as to the date of the play production. I believe that you should name for each play a ticket-selling committee which should do nothing else but sell your house. And then, your tickets sold, your cast letter-perfect, the business of the play clicking properly, produce a play that will make it easy to sell the next one to the public.

You will have to do this, because I tell you that if you draw another curtain on a play as ragged, as uncertain, as unsatisfactory in its entirety as "Ceiling Zero," you are through as an amateur dramatic organization.

Which reminds me that there are one or two things about "Ceiling Zero" which I should, in fairness to certain members of the cast, say and say with enthusiasm. Del Page did a remarkable job. He did, in fact, a far better job than most of those in the small audiences know. On Saturday night, in the highly exciting close of the second act, he took over when others started to flounder and brought the curtain closed on a swell bit of sensational drama. Frank Hefling, also against the handicap of poorly-fed cues, did remarkably well, as did Patty Lou Elliott, and I thought Edith Frisbie perfect in her part. If I were to twine any laurels, however, they would be about the brow of George Woolsey whose sympathetic interpretation of the role of the broken air pilot was as fine a piece of restrained and poignant acting I have ever seen in this town. The sound effects in the climax of the second act were perfectly accomplished.

But outside of this one scene "Ceiling Zero" took me back again to the five-cent shows in the barns in the immediate neighborhood of my youth. Generally speaking, we knew our lines in those days better than you people did last Saturday night.

You just have to do something about this, and do it now.

—W. K. B.

FORCE EASTER EGG PARTY AT BIG SUR HIGH EVENT

Phoebe Force and Cornelia Mulvin hied down early on Easter morning to Big Sur and hid 12 dozen colored Easter eggs around a certain area of the picnic grounds and I don't know how many old-fashioned ones; and when I say old-fashioned, I mean old-fashioned, because that is just what they were filled with.

With this job well-done they didn't have long to wait for Ray Force, Tommy Mulvin, Al and Vi Sparks, Bob McAfee, Alexis Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cross and Jean Robertson, all down from San Francisco, and the Taylor Pillsburys from Hollister, to begin the egg hunt AND the barbecue. The rules, compounded by the Ray Forces who gave the party, stated that you had to find five colored eggs and then look for the white one with your name on it. When you found this one, you broke the seal and drank the contents. Ice-cold it was, too. Then you whipped around and hunted for more colored ones, and the person who found the most won a bottle of champagne. Lee Ehrman won that. If it sounds like fun, that's exactly what it was, and you might want to try it on your own guests sometime.

The Forces gave a dinner party for the same crowd the night before at the Mission Ranch Club. Guess that takes care of some of their social obligations for a while.

\+ + +

THE CYMBAL carries the flavor and tang of Carmel to 32 states in the Union!

MISS FANNIE H. JOHNSON DIES IN CARMEL HOME

Miss Fannie H. Johnson, Carmel resident for the past 11 years, died last Saturday at her home on Dolores at Twelfth after a two-years' illness. She was born in Massachusetts 64 years ago.

She leaves a niece in Monterey, Mrs. Loren Duarte, and many relatives in the East including two brothers, William C. Johnson of Hartford, Conn., and Frank Johnson of New York City. The latter is flying West to complete funeral arrangements which will be in charge of T. A. Dorney.

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Personalities & Personals

Donald Forbes, chief announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System down in Hollywood, spent Easter in Carmel as the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Titus, of *Chualar Vista* on Monte Verde street. His mother, Mrs. Robert Forbes of Vancouver, was here at the same time.

+

Rosalie James is here. She is down from Seattle as the guest of Flavia Flavin at The Highlands.

+

Mr. and Mrs. George Homes have Miss Irene Nolan as their guest. Miss Nolan arrived from Chicago last Saturday and will be here for a fortnight.

+

Mrs. Myrtle McLean and Virginia, her daughter, returned last Thursday from the south where they had been visiting in Los Angeles and Palm Springs. Virginia had been yearning for some time for a trip to the place where movies are made, and last week her wish came true.

+

Mrs. Burleigh Chase Murray left last Saturday for a couple of weeks at and around the Fair. Mrs. Murray will spend part of this time in Berkeley and part of it in Piedmont, visiting with her son, A. H. Noble, Jr., and her daughter, Mrs. Hubert Bryant.

+

Mr. and Mrs. William Haley, Jr., gave a dinner party last Saturday night at their home on North Casanova in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shephard of Salinas who sail on April 17 for Plymouth, England, their old home. They take with them their four-year-old son to show him off to his English relations.

+

Thurlow Murray, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray, flew down from Stanford, where he is a student, and joined his aunt and uncle for the Easter week-end, at the same time contacting as many as possible of his friends here in Carmel.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bunn are due in Carmel on April 20. They are the ones who have that interesting little house of stone built down on the beach below Scenic Drive with its front garden just out of reach of the longest wave. They spend six months of the year in Phoenix, Arizona, and the other six months here.

+

Dick and Hildreth Masten were up in San Francisco for three days last week. Part of their business was business, the rest was fun.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pierce have come up from their ranch at Suisun and are established at their home in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club for an indefinite period.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Crossman left Carmel last Monday for New York. They will be away a month and will see their daughter, Jean, who is at school at Miss Fitch's in New York City.

+

Mrs. Marian Ford and her daughter, Mary Jane, were up at their place in Carmel Valley for the Easter week-end. Mary Jane attends the Branson School in San Francisco.

+

The arrival of Lawrence Butler Shallcross, son of Mrs. Wyatt Shallcross and brother of Sue, on Easter Sunday morning resulted in a party that night at the Shallcross house on Carmelo street. Also honored at this gathering was Sam Colburn. It was in the nature of a farewell party for him as he left for Mexico the next day.

Among those who arrived at the cocktail hour were Jon and Frances Konigshofer, Louis Conlan, Marie Elizalde, Frank and Marjory Lloyd, Joan and Beverly Tait, Mrs. Betty Kiscadden, Bob Smith, Dave Davis, Kim Moore, Bill Nye, Ted Leidig, Jean and Ray Draper, Eleanor Irwin, George Aucourt, Mr. and Mrs. George Macbeth, Edith Greenan, Sue Walsh, Jane Fylling and her sister, Helen, Mary Wheldon, Don Clampett, Phil Nesbitt, Walter Finch and John Wyeth (who comes down from Stanford weekends to the house they have taken with four other Stanford men on Carmelo), Herbert Vial and Bud Crossman.

Lawrence will be here for a month. Part of the business of seeing that he enjoys his Carmel interlude begins this week when he and Sue drive up to Yosemite. After their return they'll start out again and go up to the Fair for a week.

+

Jessie Joan Brown will be on the loose starting Monday. She has a week's vacation coming, plans on using the first of it on Carmel beach acquiring a sun tan and then hies up to San Mateo to visit her aunt, Mrs. Jessie Keel.

+

Mrs. Nellie Wall, who has been up at the Peninsula Community Hospital for three weeks following a major operation, expects to return to her home on Carpenter street at Third this week-end.

+

Miss Eleanor Bryan, Carmel resident of a year or two back, has returned for a visit. She lives now in Los Angeles and is making La Ribera her headquarters while here.

+

Miss Eva J. Daniels and Miss Kate L. Enos are visiting for three weeks in Carmel and have taken a small cottage here. Miss Daniels is the aunt of Camilla Daniels, Marion Shand and Nancy Bragg, all of Carmel. Both she and Miss Enos come from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

+

Mrs. Edmund Kitson, who has been living in Carmel all winter with her daughter, Marjorie Warren, left for Boston last Monday. Her friend, Mrs. Enid Norcross, drove up for her from Hollywood, and they left the next day complete with trailer.

+

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and their group of dancers will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford during their brief stay in Carmel. Mrs. Ford, or Ruth Austin, as we know her professionally, knew both Miss Humphrey and Weidman 20 years ago when they were all studying at the Denishawn School.

+

Dodie Dorcy has the reputation for being able to produce cups of coffee and other forms of nourishment whenever the need arises and is, therefore, one of the most valued members of the Green Room committee of the Carmel Players. So it was no surprise to us to hear that she really fed her guests last Saturday night when she opened her new house for an after-the-theater supper party. Scrambled eggs and more scrambled eggs came miraculously from her little kitchen and Edith Frisbie, Jay McKenzie, Del Page, Ross and Thelma Miller, George and Lillian Woolsey, Barbara Ames, Dale and Gertrude Murray, Chick McCarthy and Tom Chandler were loud in their praise and sincere in their appreciation. Dale and Gertrude Murray, by the way, are Chick McCarthy's sister and brother-in-law, and the party was really given for them. At least, that was the excuse for having one if one was needed. The Murrays are up in San Francisco for a few months, but hail from Denver, Colorado.

+

Flash: Ben Schafer is starting a new beard. When queried as to his reason for it all, he would only say, "I am a creature of impulse."

+

Bill Rushworth was here for the Easter vacation from Bellarmine Preparatory School in San Jose. He was visiting his mother, Agnes Rushworth. Mrs. Ward Farnsworth of San Jose was a house-guest during the same period. Mrs. Rushworth was one of those who attended the Passion Play at Santa Clara University.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club have just returned from Palm Springs.

+

Bill John is no longer associated with La Playa Hotel. He leaves Carmel on Monday for San Francisco, will visit there and in the south, and perhaps, or perhaps not, return to Carmel before leaving for Denver, Colorado. Denver is Bill's home town. He will visit with his father and step-mother, look up old friends and associations, and return to Carmel later on in the summer.

+

Barbara Winslow is now at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Winslow, after 11 weeks at the Peninsula Community Hospital, where she has been seriously ill.

+

Doris Duke Cromwell was at Del Monte last Saturday, spent the night there and whipped out again early Sunday morning. The publicity staff, on the job as always, endeavored to get a picture of her just as she drove away. Mrs. Cromwell whipped out of there so fast, however, that the result wasn't really satisfactory, at least as far as the camera squad was concerned.

+

Friends of Mrs. Sophie Marshall, who has been recuperating at her home on Carmelo at Fourth following a major operation, will be interested to know that she has left to go to a sanitarium for a period of rest.

+

Arthur Pitcaithley, who has been up in Berkeley lately, left last Monday for Santa Barbara after spending the week-end at the Mission Ranch Club.

+

Mrs. Ralph West, who has been wintering at her attractive house on Carmelo at Ninth, is now at her home in Omaha, Nebraska. Her Carmel house is being occupied for a short time by Miss Eva J. Daniels and Miss Kate Enos, of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

+

Mrs. Leonard Wood of Sausalito and her daughter, Hilary, spent a few days in Carmel during Easter week. Mrs. Wood, who is an active member of the Ross Valley Players, was here in part to discuss play business with members of the Carmel Players.

+

Hilaire Belloc was in town a couple of days ago with his wife. He'll be here this summer as he is planning on operating a sport fishing concession over at Del Monte Hotel.

+

Mrs. Karl Hoffman of San Francisco is visiting her sister, Miss Laura Dierssen, for ten days. Karl Hoffman and Richard Dierssen, brother of Mrs. Hoffman and Miss Dierssen, were down over the Easter week-end.

+

Miss Elizabeth Houghton, who spent her Easter vacation in Carmel, has returned to U. C. L. A. where she is a junior. Her mother, Mrs. Austin James, is remaining in Carmel where she has many friends.

+

MISSION RANCH CLUB

Visitors to the Mission Ranch Club over the Easter week-end included Mr. and Mrs. James Reed of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Franck and their twin daughters, Susan and Mary, from San Marino; and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Page and Miss Juanita Hill from Burlingame.

Mrs. Douglas Carter and Mrs. F. A. Carl were the toppers at the Monday night bridge tournament and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Peck came in second.

+

Houston Thomas, on the post office staff, returned last week from his vacation spent in southern California where he was previously stationed. He spent some time at Ontario, Riverside and Santa Ana. One of the most vivid memories of his trip, he says, were the dust storms down there. We don't have 'em.

+

DEL MONTE LODGE

The Totten Heffelfingers and the Alfred F. Pillsburys checked out of Del Monte Lodge last Wednesday and returned to Minneapolis. F. T. Heffelfinger, his sister, Miss Mary, and the George Heffelfingers and their children will remain for some time longer.

Last Friday evening the Alfred Pillsburys entertained about 20 of their friends at dinner with cocktails served beforehand in the Indian Room and bridge and poker played there subsequently.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Schoenbrun of Chicago were honeymooning at the Lodge during Easter week. They entertained Mr. and Mrs. James Witkowsky, of Carmel and Chicago, on Monday at luncheon before leaving the Peninsula.

Representatives of the Blyth Co. arrived at the Lodge today, about 65 of them. Included in their plans for a big week-end is a golf tournament tomorrow and a banquet that night. A special bar has been set up in the Indian Room.

+

RANCHO CARMELO

Have you heard of *Ras-el-Ayn*, the Arabian stallion from Van Nuys and the Parade Horse of the Year? His owner, J. E. Draper, was down last week talking horses with Karl Mathiot and looking over the Rancho Carmelo stock. *Ras-el-Ayn* led the parade at the opening of the San Francisco Fair and was the mount of the official trumpeter in the Tournament of Roses Golden Jubilee parade last summer. He's so beautiful he takes your breath away.

Two dude-ranchers from Oregon, Chuck Oswald and Charles Sailor, were down over the week-end getting a line on how we dude-ranch in this part of the country. They have a 40,000 acre spread up at John Day and they call it the Lazy-T Ranch. The Mathiots and the Ted Warrens have an invitation to visit there next October during the Pendleton Round-Up. On

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HOTEL SAN CARLOS

Sunday night Chuck and Charlie joined the group that came into town for "Ceiling Zero."

Mrs. Chester A. Barth and her young daughter, Barbara, were guests during Easter week at the ranch. They've recently come from Louisville, Kentucky, to San Francisco to live because Chester Barth is now Pacific coast representative of the Frankfort Distilleries. In Louisville, Mrs. Barth's father raised thoroughbred racing horses and both she and young Barbara are expert horsewomen.

The Harry Blathley family were down from Burlingame last week until Sunday when they joined Harry's father and mother at Hotel Del Monte and took Joan and young Harry over for the annual Easter-egg hunt.

The last of Peggy's three guests from Mills College left with her on Sunday. This was Nancy Newbury who comes from Denver where her Dad is director of the Denver Museum. They drove back with Ellen Baily and Margot Wills from the Albert L. Baily, Jr., residence on San Antonio street. The Bailys and the Mathiots made the exciting discovery that they had been neighbors years ago in Pennsylvania. With all three girls at Mills College, and the rest of the families so near to one another, it looks as though the picking up of old threads might be interesting.

\+ + +

The annual spring festival and rodeo at Clovis in Fresno county will be held April 29 and 30, reports the California State Automobile Association. The event is under direction of the Clovis Horse Show and Festival Association.

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Spud Grey Going Back to Globe Theatre Cast

Spud Grey hasn't left town yet, but he's all set to go. All he's waiting for is a telegram letting him know that the new air-conditioned Globe Theatre, the fourth replica of Shakespeare's London theater that the Globe Players had built for them, is ready for them.

Spud will be back among the same crew that he played with in 1934. There may be seven changes, but no more. Once again he'll be one of that merry company who in 22 weeks gave 1100 performances of streamlined Shakespeare, attended by 400,000 people. That was at the Chicago Fair.

Thomas Wood Stephens, founder of the Drama School at Carnegie, who was instrumental in founding the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, who is at present teaching drama at Stanford University, is the man responsible for developing these 45-minute condensed versions of Shakespearean plays.

During the Chicago Fair, the Globe Players had a repertoire of eight plays. After the Fair closed and they had completed a winter of road touring in the middle west, they added six more plays to their repertoire and went to San Diego for that fair which opened in June. The company toured the west coast that following winter, went back to San Diego for 12 more weeks, and then left for Dallas to open at the Exposition in 1936.

Spud left the Globe Players in October 1936 and went back to New York. He came to Carmel on the suggestion of Chick McCarthy who knew Spud would be an asset to the Players. He's made loads of friends and had plenty of fun but we can't blame him for being pretty thrilled over the chance of getting back into legitimate theater again with a pay check coming in each week.

—M. W.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS are read by everybody in Carmel.

LEGAL NOTICE

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION
No. 104

RESOLVED, by the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District that public interest and convenience require, and that it is the intention of said Board to order the following work to be done and improvements made in said District, to-wit:

Section 1. That Camino Del Monte from the manhole to be constructed hereunder in First Avenue to Pico Avenue; Pico Avenue from Camino Del Monte to a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Santa Rita Street, and from a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Guadalupe Avenue to a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Cabrillo Street; Cabrillo Street from said last mentioned manhole to a flushing inlet to be constructed hereunder 200 feet southeasterly therefrom; Valley Way from a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Guadalupe Avenue to a flushing inlet to be constructed 300 feet southeasterly therefrom; Carpenter Street from an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea to a flushing inlet to be constructed therein 162 feet northerly therefrom; Guadalupe Avenue from such manhole to be constructed in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city; Santa Rita Street from such manhole to be constructed in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city; Santa Fe Street from the manhole to be constructed hereunder in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city, and also the intersections of the above designated streets and avenues, be improved by

(a) Constructing therein six inch diameter vitrified clay pipe sewers;

(b) Constructing therein vitrified pipe flushing inlets capped with cast iron frames and covers;

(c) Constructing therein red burnt brick manholes capped with cast iron frames and covers, and containing galvanized wrought iron steps; and

(d) Constructing therein vitrified clay Tee branches and four inch vitrified clay pipe laterals from said sewer lines to the property lines fronting on all lots improved with buildings designed or used for human habitation.

Section 2. All of said streets, avenues and public ways are as shown and delineated on the latest official maps of the tracts or subdivisions of land in which said streets, avenues and public ways are located, on file in the office of the County Recorder of Monterey County, California.

Section 3. There is hereby excepted from the work afore-described any of such work already done to line and grade, or marked "excepted" or shown not to be done on the plans, profiles and specifications.

Section 4. All of said work to be done and improvements to be made are to be constructed at the places and in the particular locations, of the forms, sizes, dimensions and materials, and to the lines and grades, and at the elevations, as shown and delineated upon the plans, profiles and specifications made therefor and adopted by the sanitary board of said district entitled "La Loma Terrace, Carmel Sanitary District, Sanitary Sewers," on file in the office of the Secretary of the Sanitary Board, reference to which is hereby made for a full and detailed description of said proposed work and improvements, and for further particulars.

Section 5. Said Sanitary Board does hereby adopt and establish as the official grades for said work the grades and elevations shown upon said plans, profiles and specifications. All such grades and elevations are in feet and decimals thereof in reference to the official base and datum of said sanitary district.

Section 6. And whereas, said contemplated work and improvements, in the opinion of said sanitary board, are of more than local or ordinary public benefit, said board hereby makes the expense of said work and improvements chargeable upon a district, which district said board declares to be the district benefited by said work and improvements, and to be assessed to pay the cost and expenses thereof. The exterior boundaries of said district are as follows: Beginning at the intersection of the center line of Junipero Avenue with the northern corporate boundary of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea as said boundary is located easterly from said avenue, and running thence along said northern corporate boundary easterly to the intersection thereof with the center line of Carpenter Street; thence northerly along the center line of Carpenter Street to the intersection thereof with the County Road at Valley Way; thence northerly along the center line of said County Road to the intersection thereof with the northwestern boundary of the Carmel Sanitary District; thence southwesterly along the said northwestern boundary of said sanitary district to the intersection thereof with the center line of Junipero Avenue as said avenue is located southerly therefrom; thence southerly along said center line of Junipero Avenue to the point of beginning; provided, that all streets, avenues, public ways and other public property contained within said district, the same being in the performance of a public function, shall be exempted from the assessment hereafter to be made to cover the cost and expenses of said work and improvements.

Section 7. All of said work and improvements shall be done under the supervision of the Engineer of the Carmel Sanitary District, and all of said work and materials shall be done and furnished to his satisfaction.

Section 8. Notice is hereby given that serial bonds will be issued to represent assessments of $25.00 or over, for the cost of said work and improvements, and to extend over a period of nine (9) years from the second day of January next succeeding the next October fifteenth following their date, which bonds shall bear interest at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, and shall be issued and the principal and interest paid thereon all according to the provisions of Part III of said Improvement Act of 1911.

Section 9. Except as hereinbefore noted, all of the herein proposed work shall be done pursuant to the Act of the Legislature of the State of California designated as the "Improvement Act of 1911," approved April 7, 1911, and amendments thereto.

Section 10. Notice is hereby given that Friday, the 5th day of May, 1939, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P.M. at the regular meeting place of the Sanitary Board, in the Sundial Court Apartments Building in Carmel, is hereby fixed as the time and place when and where any and all persons having any objections to the proposed improvements, or against the district to be assessed to pay the cost and expenses thereof, or against the grades at which said work is to be done, may appear before said board, and show cause why the proposed improvements should not be carried out in accordance with this resolution of intention.

Section 11. The Secretary of this board shall cause this resolution of intention to be published twice in the Carmel Cymbal, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published and circulated in said Sanitary District, which is hereby designated by the Sanitary Board as the newspaper in which shall be published all notices, resolutions, orders and other matters required to be published in the proceedings taken pursuant to this resolution and under the provisions of said "Improvement Act of 1911" and amendments thereto.

Section 12. The Engineer of the District shall cause to be posted conspicuously along the line of said contemplated work and improvement and along all the open streets within said district, notices of the passage of this resolution of intention in the time, form and manner required by law.

Section 13. The Secretary of the Board is hereby directed to mail notices of the adoption of this resolution of intention in the time, form and manner required by law.

* * *

I hereby certify that the foregoing Resolution of Intention was duly and regularly introduced and adopted by the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District at a regular meeting thereof on the 7th day of April, 1939, by the following vote of the members thereof, to-wit:

AYES: Members Comstock, McCarthy, Knight, Burnette.
NOES: Members None.
ABSENT: Member Cockburn.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK
President of said Sanitary Board
ATTEST: ALLEN KNIGHT
Secretary Pro Tem of said Sanitary Board

[SEAL]
Date of First publication, April 14, 1939.
Date of Last publication, April 21, 1939.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

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OPEN FOR INSPECTION: Pretty, rustic home, four rooms, on a 149-foot lot. New last December. Permit for two guest houses may be secured. Oak floors, fireplace, furnace, sleeping porch, will sell some furniture. F.H.A. or other terms to suit. One block west of Dolores at First Street. Turn right onto Pescadero Road to sign. Phone Carmel 449. (15)

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Tel. 171, Carmel

HALF-ACRE LOT—Assures complete privacy, has that feeling of being removed from the busy world, yet is but 7 blocks off Ocean Avenue—fine trees—sunny—a possible glimpse of the water through the trees down a beautiful canyon. This is a rare bargain at $900—was priced higher until now. Monthly terms, FHA will make loan for a home. This lot is a real bargain. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg. Ocean Ave. or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (15)

$500 LOT—You can buy this lot in the best section of Carmel Woods by paying only $10 each month, including interest. An opportunity to start toward home ownership by making a small cash down payment and $10 per month. Has 70 front feet, all utilities are there, and it has sewer connections. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (15)

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WILL TRADE summer home in Sonoma County or Income Property in Livermore Valley for Carmel Home. Hotel Pleasanton, Pleasanton, Calif. (15)

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ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (tf)

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HOT WATER HEATER . . . Special offer, $12.00 trade-in allowance will be made on your old non-automatic gas water heater to purchasers of our new automatic heaters. J. WEAVER KITCHEN, PLUMBING AND HEATING, Junipero at 6th. Telephone 686. (18)

Miscellaneous

OLD BOOKS, Music, Antiques, please write your desires. Geo. H. Wright, 642 High Street, Palo Alto. (17)

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"American Way" Is Very Well Done By Telfer

The march of time indicated that we were due for a gentle reminder regarding our national ideals, and Moss Hart and George Kaufman, deserting their field of comedy and satire, accepted the challenge and gave us "The American Way," a three-act play playing to capacity audiences in Rockefeller Center and read to a Carmel audience last Saturday night by Ronald Telfer at the American Legion clubhouse.

It was an authentic document from start to last, Hart and Kaufman doing a thorough job in digging through the archives and pulling out choice reminders of our past that were at once a sadness and a delight. The story concerns itself with the life of Martin Gunther and his wife, Irma, German immigrants who came to America in 1896. We follow them through the years of their lives, watch their children mature and marry and see Martin develop his small cabinet shop in a little Ohio town into a factory, and then into branches in other cities. Through it all he cleaves to the same ideals that brought him to America in the first place, faith and freedom. In the end he gives his life for this cause of Democracy. It is a fine play, and while it is undoubtedly propaganda, it is our own propaganda, administered so dramatically and cleverly that never for a moment does it become a bore. It ends with the entire audience rising and joining in the singing of *The Star Spangled Banner*. A vision of huge audiences responding thusly day after day in Rockefeller Center, as we did the other night in Carmel, leaves one with a feeling that Hart and Kaufman have perhaps discovered a powerful antidote for the epidemics that are waging such a furious onslaught against Democracy at the present time.

As for Ronald Telfer, we were convinced again of the man's competence, no matter what the problem of characterization may be. His creatures live and breathe for us; we look upon them and learn to know them intimately. His sincere feeling for them and his willingness to reach deeply within himself and bring them out, is one of the reasons why we never tire of listening.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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"FOUR ROLLING STONES" BIG SWING AT SAN CARLOS

There's new music at the San Carlos Hotel and it's the real stuff. Bert Spencer, assistant manager of the hotel, snared it on a recent trip to Hollywood. "The Four Rolling Tones" were playing in the Trocadero cocktail lounge.

Eddie Allen, who plays the guitar and vocalizes, is head man. Then there is Eddie Pope, who chews on the clarinet; Ed Plue, who gives on a bass viol, and Dave May who works on a piano and an accordion. They were on Catalina last summer and then at Caterer's at Long Beach. They do dance and entertainment numbers, specialize on Spanish and Hawaiian pieces and do a beautiful build, with Eddie occasionally deep-laying it. In other words, they really send sound.

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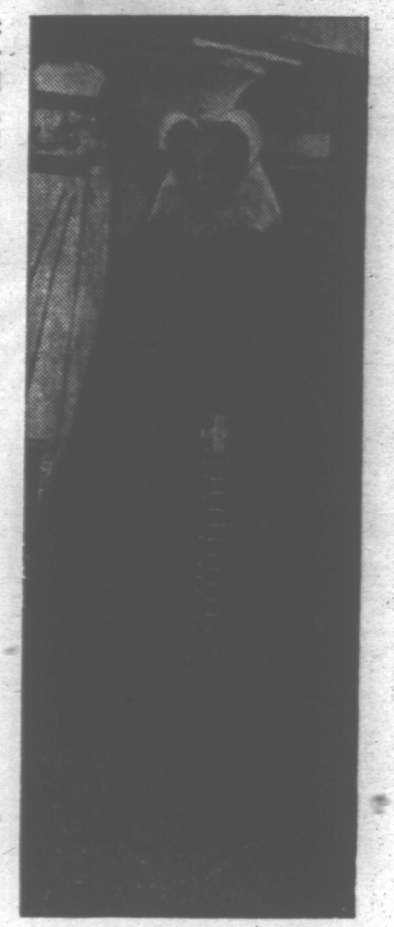
Wild flowers in the Sacramento District are beginning to show nicely, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. The ever-glorious harbingers of Spring—the golden poppy and brodiae, now grace the sunny meadows and hillsides.

Filmarte Offers "Pearls of the Crown"



MRS. SACHA GUITRY who plays three roles in "Pearls of the Crown"

"Pearls of the Crown," the current offering at the Filmarte, deserves attention chiefly because of the effects it manages to put over despite the many hurdles that cover every step of the way. It is first and foremost a whim of Sacha Guitry, who gets credit for writing, directing and starring in the film. Not only that, but he plays four roles, while his wife handles three herself!

The story is a glib and sophisticated yarn of semi-historical origin. It follows through five centuries the separate trails of seven great pearls, four of which today adorn the crown of the King of England. In executing a rather fanciful humor, Guitry has splashed essences out of every bottle within reach; there is laughter, love, absurdity, excitement, and suave cynicism, and now and then deliberate burlesque, such as the parody of the dining room scene in "Henry VIII." It plays only two more days, today and Saturday.

"Cloistered" plays on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. After 2000 years of deeply veiled mystery, the Roman Catholic church has, at last, drawn back the curtain that so long held secret the life of nuns within a cloistered convent, and, as a result, Robert Alexandre, a great screen artist, has produced in "Cloistered" one of the most curious, most beautiful, and inspiring motion pictures in the annals of the cinema.

The photography is of rare beauty. The Rev. Father Matthew Kelly explains the significance of the many curious rituals in fine poetic prose.

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DON BLANDING GOES FORTH TO RUN HIS "LEI DAY"

Don Blanding sailed yesterday on the *Lurline* for Hawaii. He'll be there for Lei Day, but his reason for going is not primarily for this: he'll go into the Kona district where Captain Cook was killed, and finish "Drifter's Gold." After that, well, it's all indefinite. Anyway, he'll probably be home early in October, and if not then, by Christmas; and if not then, in January before leaving for the annual February-into-Spring lecture tour.

Woman's Club To See "Wonder Hat" Monday

Carmel Players' Green Room on Casanova will be the setting of the April meeting of Carmel Woman's Club next Monday afternoon. The Green Room is being used in order that a play can be presented with all proper accoutrements, including atmosphere.

The meeting will begin at 2:30 o'clock. Business will be got out of the way with the dispatch for which the Woman's Club is famous, and then "The Wonder Hat" will be given. This is the one-act fantasy by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman that was given not long ago before an audience composed of Carmel Players and their guests, and so far as the Woman's Club is concerned, a new show. It has also gone on tour to Big Sur—and Monterey High School and will go to Salinas. If it winds up at the San Francisco Fair no one who has seen it will be particularly surprised, because it is good.

The play was not written to be acted by children, and it is not acted in a childish manner. Neither is it over-sophisticated like the product of hothouse-raised juvenile entertainers. It is the sort of thing that would, probably, only happen in Carmel. It is about *Harlequin, Pierrot, Columbine, Punchinello* and a serving maid called *Margot*, but these familiar characters are depicted under unfamiliar circumstances. The three boys, Howard Levinson, Oliver Bassett and John Elizalde, are all seasoned actors—that is, fairly seasoned. They all appeared in "Make-Believe," in "Topaze" and in whatever other Carmel Players' shows have required boy actors, and Oliver is also a Gold Coast Trouper, having jerked tears with the best of them over at Monterey's First Theater in "East Lynne" and "The 49ers." The feminine roles are played by Nancy Couvert and Adeline Guth, who are newer to the stage but no less nifty. Charles McCarthy directed the performance and came through unscathed.

This will not be guest day at the Woman's Club. It is for members only, and cards must be presented at the door. The afternoon will be completed with a tea party for the actors, director and audience.

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Although the Blossom Festival was held in Saratoga on April 2, there is still a lovely showing of blossoms, states the San Jose office of the National Automobile Club. Cherry blossoms are at their peak at present, also the colorful and dainty quince blossoms are at their best. Vying in color and beauty with other wild flowers is the lovely wild mustard which adds its dash of color to the background.

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'The Last Cocktail' To Be Staged by Telfer in S.F.

"The Last Cocktail," Katherine Brocklebank's seventh and latest play, is to be produced by Ronald Telfer in San Francisco at the Players' Club Thursday and Friday, May 25 and 26, and Thursday and Friday, June 1 and 2. Lucille Culver is slated for the lead with Telfer playing the juvenile himself.

In announcing this coming production last Saturday night at the Legion clubhouse, Telfer admitted that it was by far the best play that Mrs. Peterson has ever written and that he himself was completely sold on it.

The Players' Club is on California street near Polk. It has been built about a year, holds 300 people and boasts the latest in equipment. Dan Totheroh tries out many of his plays there and people like Kathleen Norris and Charles Caldwell Dobie are on the board. Because of the Fair, they wanted a summer play festival and a new play to start off with. They chose "The Last Cocktail" after Telfer had recommended it.

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"ADOLESCENT YOUTH" TALKS CONTINUE THIS AFTERNOON

The final discussion in the series of six on the "Emotional Development of Adolescent Youth" will take place this afternoon at Sunset School library at 1:30 o'clock. Mrs. Mercy Nutting is in charge and her topic will be "How Life Begins."

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